

HARRY^{THE} NEWSBOY

By Isabel C. Byrum



Present. by. Ephrata S. S.

Daniel S. Stauffer Teacher

Clarence Garber.

HARRY THE NEWSBOY

and

OTHER CHILDREN'S HOUR STORIES

By ISABEL C. BYRUM

*Author of
The Happy Home Series*



Pictures by Molt

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Boys and Girls:

**These Children's Hour Stories
are not made-up tales. They are
actually true.**

Harry the Newsboy

EVER since the death of his father, Harry Armstrong had sold papers. His home was in a small upstairs room of a large tenement building in the great city of New York. There he lived with his mother, and although the room was small and there was barely enough furniture in it to make them comfortable, Harry had never known anything better and he was happy because he had his mother to love and comfort him when he was tired, hungry, or cold.

Many times after he had been out for hours, walking up and down the street, shouting to the people that he had papers to sell, he would hurry home and find a cup of warm cocoa and some bread or something else that he liked as well, waiting for him on the little table over in the corner of the room. How good the food tasted! Sometimes he wondered why his mother did not always sit with him at the table and eat,

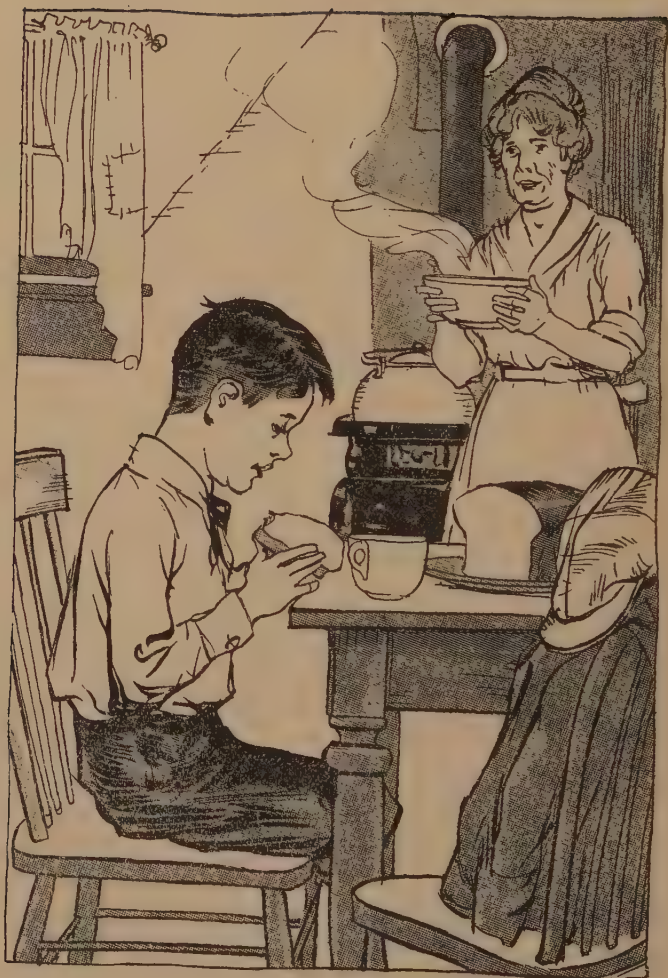
but he did not know that at those times she had only been able to buy enough cocoa and bread for her little boy after the coal and rent bills had been paid. But Harry's mother did not mind going hungry herself if her little boy had all that he wanted to eat.

Harry knew that his mother was not very well, for she had told him that the time might come, almost any day, when she should have to leave him and go to be with his father. But Harry did not think that she would go away very soon. She had also said that when that time should come he must not be afraid, for he would have to be very, very brave and strong; and that he would have to do just the things that he thought were right and best.

Now Harry had passed his tenth birthday and he knew quite well the difference between right and wrong, for he had listened to a great missionary who was interested in newsboys. This missionary had been all through Africa and had said that some day he was going back to the land of

the black people and the tigers. Harry and the other newsboys liked so well to listen to the stories that the missionary told that they went to hear him every Sunday when he was in New York. And, because the newsboys came so often, the missionary said that they could have a Sunday-school where they could come and study about the Bible when he wasn't there. And Harry liked to go to the Sunday-school after it was started.

Harry's mother had told him that it was wrong to smoke and chew tobacco, and the teachers talked about that, too. So when the other newsboys said that it would make him manly to smoke cigarets he told them that he knew better. Then, when they tried to make fun of him, he shouted louder to the people as they passed, that he had papers to sell, so that he could not hear what the boys said. After that they did not ask him to smoke. And as for telling lies and stealing—Harry had learned from his mother that it was far better always to speak the truth and be honest.



Very often his mother told him Bible stories about men who had become great because they had been good boys. What she said about Isaac, Joseph, Moses, Samuel, David, Daniel, John the Baptist, the boy Jesus, and Timothy pleased him more than anything else. Then she told him that it would be nice to try to be like these boys by being good and kind to every one, but to remember that God had made every boy and girl a little different from every other person in the world so that it would be impossible to do exactly as some one else had done. To help him to understand just what she meant she had said, "Now just suppose that when Samuel was told to serve in the house of the priest Eli he had said, 'Why, Joseph and Moses were rulers in the land, and I don't want to be a humble servant.' God couldn't have blessed him as he did. If Samuel had refused to do the humble work that God had called him to do, his name would not have come down to us as one of Israel's rulers." And she had added, "I trust that

my little boy will always be willing to do the little things that come his way, for this is the way that God takes to prepare his people for a greater and better place in life. Then he helps them to find their place if they will let him."

Thus wisely had Harry's mother talked to her little boy. She had also taught him to read and write and to spell, "for the time will come, Harry," she had said, "when you will need to know many things, and I want to help you all I can while I am with you." And one day, while Harry was out selling his papers, the thing for which the mother had been trying to prepare her little boy came to pass.

That night when Harry came home from selling his papers he found no warm cocoa or bread and butter upon the table in the corner of the room, and everything was very quiet. He called his usual greeting to his beloved mother, but there was no answer. Then when he went close to her bed he saw that that hand that had so often caressed

him was cold and helpless. Then he remembered that his mother had said that when this time should come he would have to be very brave and strong. And he wanted to be all that his mother and the good missionary wanted him to be, so he sat down beside the bed and thought and thought.

One by one, the things that his mother had told him that he would have to see about after she was gone came into his mind. Tears nearly blinded his eyes when he thought about the funeral. She had told him to see their neighbor Mr. Harper and let him attend to everything. Once she had said that usually a tombstone with nice things written upon it was placed at the head of a grave by some friend, but that he must not try to do anything like that, for he would not have the money to buy the stone. A great desire then came into his heart to place a tombstone at the head of his mother's grave after she was buried so that he could write some nice things upon it about her. He remembered that she had

told him not to try to do it because he would not have the money to spare. But he said to himself, "I can do without my cocoa just as Mother did, and perhaps with what money I have, I can buy a small tombstone."

Harry had no pocketbook in which to carry his money. But his mother, before she had become so weakened by her sickness, had made him a little bag that was very strong. Drawing the bag from his pocket, he counted all the pennies and dimes. There was just two dollars and fifty-five cents in all, and he wondered if this would be enough to pay for the stone. Never before had so many things been crowded into his mind all at once. But above every other thought was the one desire to be brave and strong so that he could attend to all of the things that his mother had said that he must do.

Before going to see Mr. Harper, Harry kissed his mother's cold face and tucked the covers more closely about her. It was hard to leave her alone for even a moment, but

remembering again that he was to be brave and strong he hurried away to find his friend. Mr. Harper was very sorry when he heard that Harry's mother was dead. He was a poor man, but he did all that he could for the little orphan boy. And Harry's mother was placed in a pretty coffin and was buried in the cemetery by the side of her husband.

When the funeral was over the neighbors who had gone with Harry to the graveyard returned to their homes in the tenement house, but Harry did not go with them. And Harry did not know that Mr. Harper and the sexton were friends, and did not notice them talking near the gate about the funeral. Harry was thinking how nice it would be if he could get a pretty tombstone for his mother's grave. He was also thinking about a place that was called the Marble Yards where tombstones and monuments were for sale. The Marble Yards was only a short distance from the cemetery, and he was wondering if he could get a stone that was

nice enough for his mother's grave with the money that was in his little bag.

Perhaps Harry remembered how he had sometimes hurried past the Marble Yards where the white and gray monuments and tombstones were kept and how cold and gloomy they had looked. He no longer felt that they were cold and gloomy, and he wanted to go right in among them and find the one that was the right size for his mother's grave. And then it happened that a little later Mr. Stahl, who was sitting in his office looking out of the window, saw a small boy enter the yards and go over to the place where some of his best tombstones and monuments were kept. He noticed, too, that the boy was feeling of the smooth side of a certain stone and was holding in his hand a small bag. He was sure that he had met the boy somewhere and then he remembered that he was the little newsboy that he had so often met on the street and from whom he had sometimes bought a paper. As he continued to watch the boy looking at the

tombstones, he thought, "I believe that he is a good boy and I wonder why he has come to the Marble Yards today, and why he is rubbing his hand over that small tombstone in the corner?"

Harry may have thought that because that certain stone was so small it would not cost as much as those that were larger. But whatever he may have thought, he was soon standing in the office before Mr. Stahl and saying, "Mister, I want to get that smooth stone, that is over there in the corner, to put on my mother's grave. You see she's dead and I want the stone so that I can write some nice things on it about her. It's all I can do for her now. If it doesn't cost too much money I think I can buy it, but I've only got two dollars and fifty-five cents. Will that be enough to pay for it, do you think?"

Now the stone toward which Harry had pointed had cost Mr. Stahl much more money than Harry had offered him, but Mr. Stahl was pleased to have Harry come to

him in such a business-like way. And he said, "Yes, my boy, you may have that stone for two dollars and fifty-five cents." He then told the delivery man to take the pretty little tombstone over to the cemetery and to see that it was properly placed on Harry's mother's grave. And Harry—almost before he knew what was happening—found that he was back again in the graveyard and that the stone had been placed by the delivery man and the sexton at the head of his mother's grave and that both of the men had slipped quietly away before he had thought to thank them for their trouble. But Harry was very grateful to the men and had meant to thank them for their work.

When Harry found that he was alone he drew from his pocket a piece of iron that he had found on his way over to the Marble Yards. The iron was sharp on one end, and bending over the pretty white tombstone he began to form the words that had all day been in his mind. But the rock was harder than he had expected it would be, and

the sun was fast sinking in the western horizon when he had finished only the word "MY." He was so tired and weak that he could scarcely stand upon his feet when he went to step back and examine what he had done, but he was not discouraged. He was sorry to leave his work unfinished. But Harry, although but ten years old, had a business to look after, and he had been taught by his mother to be faithful in all that he undertook. So Harry went home. But the place where he had lived so happily with his mother did not seem like home to him any longer. He ate some hard bread that he found in the cupboard and went to bed. He could have cried himself to sleep, but he didn't, for he was trying so hard to be brave and strong. And he was still thinking about the nice things that he was intending to write upon the pretty white tombstone that was on his mother's grave.

In the morning Harry was awake very early. He felt much better after his good night's rest. After eating some more of the

bread, that he had found in the cupboard the evening before, he went out and sold his papers. Then as soon as the last one had been handed out he went at once to the cemetery. And, for several days, Harry spent every moment that he could spare in a place that one would least expect to find a child. And he was happy because he felt that he was doing something nice for his precious mother. He was adding one letter after another upon the smooth white surface of the tombstone. And near the end of the week this is what he had printed—"MY MOTHER, THE BEST FRIEND I EVER HAD."

There were many people who came to the cemetery, but there was no one so interesting to the sexton as little Harry. Many times during the week that followed the funeral he had found time to stand for a few moments near the grave to see what the next letter that Harry was forming was with Mr. Harper, and sometimes wished that going to be. He thought often of his talk

Harry was his very own little boy. But his family was large and he was a poor man, so he said nothing about it.

As Harry left the grave that night he may have been intending to print some other nice things upon the tombstone about his mother, but he never had the chance. It was dark, and he was very tired as the small piece of iron, that was gradually becoming smaller, was slipped into his pocket. Then he found the gate a few minutes later and passed out into the public street. As the sexton listened he heard the gate click, and it swung to its place. Then there was a loud honking of an automobile horn as a large touring-car came suddenly around the corner of the cemetery from another street. But the sexton did not see little Harry fall, or know of the terrible accident that happened until he saw that the car had stopped. Then he heard the sound of excited voices asking if any one could tell them who the boy was who had been run over by the automobile or how it happened that he was coming out of

the cemetery gate at that hour of the night.

The sexton explained that Harry was the little newsboy whose mother had recently died and that he had been coming every day since the funeral to carve letters upon a tombstone on her grave. When everything was made right as far as it was possible to make such things right, little Harry was buried beside his father and mother. He was no longer an orphan, for the family were at last united.

But although Harry could no longer carry on his business as a little newsboy and his work upon his mother's tombstone may not have been finished, Harry was not forgotten. Mr. Stahl over at the Marble Yards thought often about the brave little boy to whom he had sold a tombstone. He wondered what so small a boy could think of that would be nice enough to write upon a tombstone. So one day Mr. Stahl was taken by the delivery men over to the grave where the tombstone had been placed. They found the grave and they wondered

why another grave had so soon been made beside it.

It was the sexton who explained. And when he told how Harry had worked so faithfully day after day until he had carved the little motto on the tombstone, Mr. Stahl said in a trembling voice, "How I wish that I had taken that boy home with me! He was a good boy! I was intending to keep track of him and later on hire him as an office-boy. I'm sorry now that I didn't talk to him about it the day that he was over to see about buying the stone. Boys like that are hard to find."

When the missionary returned to New York City and visited the little mission Sunday-school, he missed Harry's bright face from among the crowd of newsboys that gathered to listen to some more of his wonderful stories and adventures among the black people in Africa. But when he learned from Mr. Harper of Harry's faithfulness, he also said, "Boys like that are hard to find." And he also added, "I'm so glad

that Harry would not let the other boys teach him to use tobacco and do other things that were bad." When he told the other boys about it, he said, "It would be better to be a newsboy and have clean hands and a clean heart than to be the son of a millionaire without them."

The Song of the Clock

“**T**ICK-A-TICK; tick-a-tick,” said the little clock that was sitting high up upon the mantel. It was measuring out the hours of the day in minutes. “Tick-a-tick; tick-a-tick,” it went on louder than ever—at least so thought little John as he listened.

Then down went John’s cap and up went his little head. He even stamped his foot as he cried, “I don’t like you! I don’t like you! I tell you I don’t like you one bit, and I wish you’d keep still!”

“Who is it that my little boy doesn’t like?” said a voice from behind the indignant little fellow. “To whom are you talking?”

“I’m talking to that horrid clock, Mother. It’s always telling me it’s time to do this and it’s time to do that. I tell you, I don’t like it! I wish there were no clocks to tell us when it is time to do things.”

“John, John, what are you saying? Don’t you know, my boy, that we need the clock

very much? It is a great blessing. I agree with you that its little song of 'Tick-a-tick' is often tiresome and the clock sometimes gets us into trouble when we pay no attention to what it tells us. But think, my boy, how nice it is to know just when it is the right time to do things and to go places. Without the clock you would have to guess when it is time to go to school and when the time to go home has come. Supposing you change its little song of 'Tick-a-tick' to 'Don't be late,' or 'Do your best,' or 'Try again.' "





"O Mother, that's just why I hate clocks! They are always telling me to hurry up, or something like that and it makes me mad every time. I tell you I hate clocks and I wish there weren't any clocks in all the world. Then we could do just as we please and it wouldn't matter if we were late once in a while."

"Oh, but my boy, it would matter just the same. The clock is your friend. It will tell you many things in its little song. Now listen:

"Little boy, go to school, learn to read,
learn all you can;

Don't be late, mind the rules, do your best,
and be a man.

"John, can't you hear the clock saying these things to you? It is never the boy who is always careless about getting his lessons or doing his work that is going to succeed.

"There is a story about an old clock that had become tired of singing its little song of 'Tick-a-tick' every day, and it asked to be allowed to rest for a while. For more than

one hundred years that clock had been busy every day and every night. It had helped the children to know just when to go to bed and when to get up in the morning. It had helped the cook to know when to prepare her meals and to call the people to dinner. It had helped father to know what time to leave for the office. And mother knew the exact time that all of the children should be off for school just by noticing where the hands were pointing on the clock's face.

"One day the old clock ceased to sing its little song, and when the people listened they heard no sound and they said, 'The clock has stopped.' And yes, the faithful old clock had stopped while everything else around it was full of life.

"When the people found that the clock had no good reason for stopping, they said they did not think very much of a clock like that. And the clock covered its face with its hands for shame and begged to be permitted to sing once more in the good old-fashioned way.

"The next morning the children knew when to get up, the cook was able to prepare her dinner properly, father knew when to go to the office, and mother had all the children ready in plenty of time for school. And it was all because the clock was singing its little old song of 'Tick-a-tick.'

"Now just be sensible, John. What if you should do as the old clock did and stop trying to do your duty? How would you look just standing still while everybody around you was moving about doing his daily work or having a good time? How would you feel, my son, to just have nothing to do? For even though you were doing no work, you would be thinking and could see what others were doing."

John was smiling when his mother had finished speaking and he said, "Oh, let the old clock sing if it wants to. I suppose it would be bad if there were no clocks, or if all the clocks stopped all at once. Guess I'll have our clock say in its song, 'John, be quick,' for I ought to hurry."

“That’s right, my boy, and add to the song, ‘Then you’ll stick,’ meaning that you’ll stick to whatever you undertake. It means a lot to start a job, but it means more to see it through to the finish. And remember this, John, that whatever the clock sings in your ears day after day while you are growing will decide just the kind of a man you are going to be, for as we think, so we are.”

So John joined in with the clock and sang

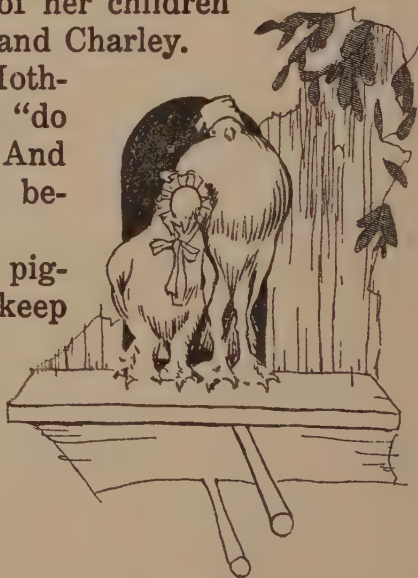
“Tick-a-tick, tick-a-tick,
John be quick, then you’ll stick.”

A Family of Pigeons

“WOULD you like to hear the story of a family of pigeons that used to live in your grandfather’s barn?” asked Mrs. Harmon of her children—Earl, Peter, and Charley.

“Oh, yes, Mother,” they cried, “do please tell us.” And so the mother began:

“When the pigeons came to keep house, there were only two of them—Daddy and his wife. It was cold weather



then, and their home was far up in the very highest story of the barn with a long, narrow porch in front. For a few

days they were both very busy indeed, arranging the neat little bedrooms—one at each end of the main living-room. But even after everything was ready to begin housekeeping, Daddy was still busy, and very carefully looked after the needs of his wife. Every morning, bright and early, he could have been seen up in the porch walking back and forth as he talked to her through the open door. And when he was down upon the ground he was so anxious to see that she got her share of the food from the granary that he would carry her some grains in his mouth before finishing his own breakfast.

“When Specklehead and Featherfoot were hatched, he was busier than ever. For his faithful wife could hardly take care of the children and keep the two pretty little white eggs in the north bedroom warm also. At meal-time Daddy would become so excited that he could not stay out long enough to eat all the food he wanted. Up he would fly to the children with a few kernels of

corn or some bread-crumbs that he held in his mouth. And while he was caring for the children, his wife found time to eat her meal on the ground.

“At last Specklehead and Featherfoot were large enough to come out on the porch. But they were so afraid of falling! It was almost pitiful to see them, for the porch was so far above the ground. But after a while they became braver and often went very close to the edge. Daddy then became eager to see them learn to fly and find food for themselves, for in the north bedroom there was a new little brother and sister. One day while Daddy was walking about in quite a dignified manner and had expressed his wishes freely, he suddenly pushed both Specklehead and Featherfoot from the porch. Then the children had a right to be frightened. They wanted very much to get back, but Daddy scolded them severely every time they tried. And that night they had to find themselves a home in the chicken-house.

“The names of the new children were Fantail and Ringdove. And when they grew to be large like Specklehead and Featherfoot, Daddy treated them just as he had his older children and sent them out into the world to find a home and a living for themselves. They were not as fortunate, however, as their older brother and sister, for Thomas, the cat, stole up slyly while Ringdove was eating her supper and killed her before she could look around. Fantail was so very lonely after the death of Ringdove that he went away and was gone for several weeks. When he returned, he brought little Whitehead with him as his bride. And they, too, made their home in the chicken-house.”

“Were there any other children after that?” It was Earl who asked the question, and his mother answered, “Oh, yes, there were a great many more children. But one day Daddy was killed. His wife waited and waited for him to come home, and when she saw that he really wasn’t coming, she went

into the north bedroom. And one day your grandpa went to see what was the matter with her and he found her dead. I guess she had died of a broken heart."

"Well, I don't think it was a bit nice of Daddy to drive his children away from his home like that!" said Peter indignantly.

"Nor I," said Charley.

"It does seem hard," said Mrs. Harmon. "But we must remember that animals and birds are not like people. It was quite necessary for Daddy to do as he did. He did what he could for all his children until they were able to care for themselves. What I do blame Daddy for was not protecting them until they found a home for themselves."

Jimmy's Friend

IMMY was just a little boy. His home was in a large city in Ohio, and he was a very nice little boy. His hair was curly and his eyes were blue. And whenever he looked at you through those large blue eyes you could tell that he was a good boy. He was good because he had done nothing that he wanted to deny or to cover up. But although Jimmy was such a good little boy, he did not live in a happy home.

It was not because Jimmy was an orphan that he did not have a happy home. For his father and mother were living and they were at home. It was because they both drank beer and got drunk. Perhaps they did not know that it was wrong to drink beer. Anyway they liked the stuff and drank it every day. And the beer made them very cross when they were not asleep. They sent Jimmy to the saloon that was just

around the corner for more beer, whenever the bucket was empty. And Jimmy did not know that it was wrong to drink beer. He tasted some one day and found that it was bitter. After that he never wanted to taste it again.

Because the father and mother spent all their money for beer and sometimes whisky, Jimmy had no nice clothes to wear. But he had never had anything that was better, and he did not think about his clothes as being ragged and dirty. And because he had so often to eat dry crusts of bread he hardly knew that there should have been any other kinds of food.

But although Jimmy's clothes were ragged and dirty and he was often forced to go to bed very hungry, there was some one who wanted to be his friend. It was a tall lady who saw him when he went to the saloon to get the beer. And one day she came to his home to see him there. Before leaving she asked him to come to the Sunday-school that her own little boy attended.

Jimmy hardly knew what to say. But when his mother said that she didn't care where he went just so he didn't bother her, Jimmy said that he would go.

Jimmy was just going inside the meeting-house the next Sunday where the tall lady had told him to go, when a little boy called out to some other little boys, "Hey, boys, there comes Jimmy Jones. His father's Jerry Jones, you know, who's nearly always drunk. And his mother drinks beer too. Just look how ragged and dirty his clothes are, because they spend all their money for beer. Why he goes down every day to the saloon for the beer. And my mother says that I must keep away from him."

This boy was not the son of the tall lady. But the tall lady and her son both heard what the tall lady did. She went to Jimmy and said, "Jimmy, I want you to meet my what the other boy had said. And this is son." And her own little boy came up very

close to Jimmy and said, "I am glad to see you, Jim."

Poor little Jimmy! He did not know what to do. It was the first time that he had been told that his clothes were ragged and dirty, and he could see that they were not nice like the clothes that the other boys wore. He had just learned, too, that his father and mother were not doing right when they drank beer and were not considered nice people. He didn't know what to say. And he would have been very glad if he could have gone away some place where no one could even see him again.

The tall lady seemed to know just how Jimmy was feeling. For she said, "Jimmy come this way. I want you to sit on a chair between Thomas and me while I tell you a story from the Bible."

Now Jimmy didn't even know that there was a Bible. He had heard about God and about Jesus. But he had only heard his father and mother talking about them when they were angry. But the story about Tim-

othy sounded good. And when the tall lady said that he grew to be a good man and was a preacher he thought that he would like to be a preacher, too, though he didn't know what it would mean to be a preacher.

While the tall lady was talking, Jimmy quite forgot about his ragged and dirty clothes. But when she had finished he remembered what the boy had said, and again he wanted to hide. But when the tall lady and her little boy spoke to him kindly again, he did not feel quite so bad. Then the tall lady gave Jimmy a large bundle and told him to carry it home, for it had some nice things in it for him. And that was another time that Jimmy wanted to say something. But he didn't know what to say. He took the bundle and went home, and the boys didn't say a single thing to him about his clothes being ragged and dirty as he passed them. And, oh, how glad he was that they didn't!

When Jimmy got home the first thing that he did was to open the bundle. And



this was what he saw, a nice little coat, and a pair of pants, some shoes and stockings, a shirt, and a cap. And none of them were ragged or dirty. Then he remembered that

the tall lady had said that the things in the bundle were for him.

The next Sunday when Jimmy went to Sunday-school he wore all his new clothes. For the tall lady had been to his home during the week and had told him how to take a bath and what things to put on first. And Jimmy looked as nice and even nicer than some of the other boys in the Sunday-school class. For his curly brown hair was combed and his large blue eyes were so bright.

From the tall lady he soon learned what it meant to be a preacher. He learned, too, that while the tall lady was his friend, there was some one else who was interested in little boys and could be a far better friend, not only to little boys but to men and women, and that the name of that friend is Jesus.

To preach, the tall lady told him, is to tell the people about this great Friend and to get them to invite him to their homes. For that was what Timothy, the boy preacher, did. And through what Timothy said many

people were made very happy. So, like Timothy, Jimmy began to preach when he was a very little boy. After he knew that it was wrong to drink beer, he told his father and mother what the tall lady had told him. But they only laughed and said that he didn't know what he was talking about.

Now Jimmy is a man, and like Timothy he is a preacher. He has a happy home of his own and never has to carry any beer. And he does not ask his little boy to go to the saloon for him. He has no use for beer, for he knows that it makes the people who drink it sick and unhappy. He tells his little boy about the first time that he went to Sunday-school, and was so ragged and dirty. And he says, "My son, never tell any one who does not wear as nice clothes as your own that he is not fit to play with boys who are well dressed, for you do not know why they are so ragged and dirty. Instead be like the tall lady, and give them a large bundle of good clothes. Be a good friend to them, for Jesus loves them and wants

you to be good to them and love them, too. And if necessary help them to get ready for Sunday-school. Then when you grow up to be a man you will be glad you helped instead of made fun of the little ragged boys."



A Balloon That Wouldn't Go Up

“INK, do you know how my piller-slip came t'be all smoked up?” Mrs. Elliott was speaking to her son Pinkney as he came into the kitchen at breakfast-time early one bright Monday morning. She was preparing to wash that day and in sorting over the clothes had found one of her best pillow-cases that looked as though it had been held over a smoky fire.

“Course I don't, Ma. Whatcha ask me fer?” Pinkney answered as he looked first at the dirty pillow-case and then at his mother to see what she meant.

“Wall, I asked you 'cause it'd be jest like one o' your tricks; an' I knowed right well some o' you youngsters has done it, and no mistake,” the mother continued as she turned the ham that was frying and stirred vigorously in a pan of cereal that was cooking farther back on the stove. She was anxious to get the breakfast over so that

she and her two daughters, Mary and Etta, could get at the washing.

Mrs. Elliott was the mother of a large family, and although their home was small and far back in the mountains, it was as large as they could afford and she did her best to keep things clean and neat and to teach her children to be good and honest in all that they did. Her next question was, "Where's Fate?" And Pinkney answered quickly, "Why, Fate's out thar shooten' wi' his gun Pa brung him t'uther day. He got up 'bout a hour ago an' went out. But hones', Ma, I dunno nuthin' 'bout yer piller-slip; deed I don't."

Mrs. Elliott turned from the stove, and for a moment looked squarely into the face of her son. Then she said, "No, Pink; I believe you. I ain't never caught you in no lie. But I do know some o' you younguns do know sumpen' about it, 'cause thar's dirty finger-marks all over it."

Just then two more small boys with bushy heads and dirty hands and faces entered

the warm kitchen that also served as the dining-room for the family. But they did not see the soiled pillow-case, nor hear the question asked their brother. They were very hungry, and after glancing hurriedly over the table upon which the steaming food was being placed, one of them asked, "Ma, how long 'fore breakfast's goin' t' be ready? I jest can't wait any longer. I'm so starved I'm 'bout t' perish t' death. I feel like I could 'most eat a bear."

"It's 'most ready now," his mother replied as she placed a large platter of ham and eggs in the center of the table. And she added, "Go an' tell your pa an' t'other boys 's quick's ye can t' come."

Then turning to her daughter, she said, "Etta, child, hain't you got that churnin' done yit? Don't be so slow er we'll never git at our washen'."

"Yassum, it's done; I'm jest gitten' the milk out'n the churn," came the reply from the corner of the room that was farthest from the stove. And Etta, a young girl

fourteen years of age, picked up the large pitcher filled with the good, fresh buttermilk and placed it upon the table.

Then to her eldest daughter the mother said, "May, you go pour your pa some coffee while I go to the door an' tell 'em to come t' breakfast." And a moment later in a loud and clear voice she was calling, "Breakfast's ready, everybody!"

It was but a few seconds after the last call for breakfast was made when the family hastily entered the kitchen, for all were hungry and had already been told by the two little boys that the meal was nearly ready. John and Jenkins or "Jinks," aged four and six, who were "hungry enough to eat a bear," were the first to climb to their places upon the long bench that was back behind the table. In their hurry they had not taken time to wash their hands and faces or comb their hair, but they were hoping that their mother would not see that they were dirty. Kelly and Pinkney, or "Pink," aged eight and ten, were the next to be seated. Their

places at the table were on either side of the smaller boys so that they could help in passing the heavy dishes of food.

Mrs. Elliott held little David, aged two, in her lap. Her chair was close to the stove, and there were chairs for the two girls, Etta and Mary, and for Lafayette, or "Fate," on the side of the table opposite the smaller children, and for the father at the head. It was Etta's duty to look after the bread-plate when it needed refilling, while Mary attended to the other dishes. Thus the children were a great help to their mother who had so many other cares that they knew nothing about.

When Mr. Elliott was ready to return thanks all the places except the one claimed by their eldest son had been taken. So the father said, "Whur's Fate? Does anybody know?"

"Here I am," came the answer from the doorway, and the tall boy with a small gun in his hands exclaimed, "Hi, Pa, but this

gun's a dandy! I've been out shooten' wi' it all mornen'."

"Wall, what'd yo' kill?" Mary, his eldest sister, asked.

"Oh, nuthen' much," Fate answered. "I reckon I didn't kill nuthen' 'tall. But I'll tell ye what I did. I shot a hull hat full o' feathers frum a tomtit."

This remark brought a roar of laughter even from the younger boys who knew that a tomtit was a very small bird and that it would take a good many of them to fill a hat even half full of feathers. And Etta said, "You did? You mean t' make us b'leave you shot a hat full o' feathers from a tomtit, Fate?"

When Lafayette saw the joke he had to laugh with the rest, and when his mother told him to hurry he gave his hat a toss in a corner and made a dash for the washdish on the back porch. And a moment later when he was standing by the towel, his mother called again, "Fate, Fate, what are you doen' to my nice clean towel that I

hung up jest a few minutes ago? Jest look at the great streaks you're leaven' on it!"

Lafayette looked, but he was too hungry to do his work over. So after one or two more hard rubs with other parts of the towel that were also left unsightly and a dash or two of the comb through his hair, he took his place beside his sisters at the table.

It was not until after the father had returned thanks that the mother noticed that John and Jinks had not washed. Many times she had told them how necessary it was to come to the table with clean faces and hands and with their hair combed. So she said, "Boys, I wonder how many times you're goen' t' make me tell you that you must wash afore you kin come t' the table? It's a shame for you to forgit so often. Now git right down and go wash yourselves. Kelly an' Pink, you kin go along an' see 'at they do it right an' don't 'cha leave a lot o' dirty streaks on the towel like Fate did."

Jinks knew better than to cry, but little John whined, "Aw, Ma, I can't git out.

Don't'cha see? An' anyway, I hain't much dirty nohow. Jest looky," and up went two fat, chubby hands with the palms out for the mother to see.

"Yes, John, don't talk t' Mother like thet. You know better'n t' git in your place until you'd washed. Ef you hafta git out every time you fergit t' wash, after while you'll think."

Kelly and Pinkney got up at once and went with their younger brothers to help them wash, so there was not much delay. And when they were once more seated at the table even John was smiling and nodded his head when his mother asked, "Do you think you can think next time how to come t' the table?"

The next question that was asked by the thoughtful mother was, "Boys, which one of you spoiled my good piller-slip? I found it this mornen' out thar in the woodshed all black as ef it'd been in the stove."

If a stone had been dropped in the center of the breakfast-table, it could not have

been a greater surprize to the little family. And under the steady gaze of the mother, Lafayette and Kelly dropped their eyes, while little Jinks looked steadily at the elder of the two brothers with a queer expression upon his face.

"Fate, you done it, didn't you?" the mother asked, as she looked into the three boyish faces. But Fate only swallowed the food that was already in his mouth and continued to look down at his plate. Kelly, too, was far from being comfortable, but it was the merry twinkle in Jink's eyes that partly explained the secret. And still Fate had not answered when his sister Mary, who had also been carefully watching her brothers, exclaimed, "Wy, o' course he done it Ma, else if he hadn't he'd a said so."

"Did you, Fate? Did you spoil my piller-slip?" still questioned the mother.

And then came the answer, "Y-es, bu-but I didn't kn-know it'd ruin the thing."

Then the mother in amazement continued, "You did it, Fate? You spoiled my piller-

slip like that? Wall, tell me quick what you did it fer!"

"He said as how he was ago'in t' make a balloon out'n it jest like that air 'at Pa seen go'n up 't the fair t'uther day," piped little Jenkins. And he added, "Kelly told him how he'd better not try er he'd get into trouble—but Fate's all time sayin' 's how he kin do sumpen' or other he can't—and he was that sure that he could do it that he made Kelly help him."

Then little Jinks laughed and said, "But, O Ma, you oughta seen 'em doin' it. You'd a laughed good. Go ahead an' tell 'em all about it, Fate."

"Aw, you know a heap about it, don'tcha, Jinks?"

"Wall, now what'd you think o' that—makin' a balloon, if you'd know it, out'n my best piller-slip?" But Mrs. Elliott was not at all angry, for she had not been the mother of that family all those years without finding out that they were full of all sorts of ideas, and "tricks," as she called them.

And when the father said, in an amused tone, "Yer ma wants ter know how makin' a balloon out'n her piller-slip'd get it all black. An' why don'tcha tell her, Fate?"

The boy looked across the table at Kelly and Jinks. And realizing that his father and mother were not at all angry with him, he said frankly, "Wall, you see I didn't tell you afore 'cause I didn't wantcha t' know what a mess I'd made o' things. But 'twas what chew said, Pa, about thet balloon t' other day 't made me do 't. You said as how 'twas jest a great big poke filled full o' smoke an' thet it was the smoke inside the thing 'at made it go up in the air. So me an' Kel made a big fire out'n a brush-heap and piled on heaps o' wet leaves an' moss to make heaps o' smoke.

"We didn't like t' take Ma's best piller-slip. But we couldn't find nuthen' else't we thought 'd do, and we was goen' t' empty out all the smoke when we got through, anyway, an' put it back whur we got it frum. We'd a done it, too, if 't hadn't a been so



black. But say, Pa, don'tcha think thet thar balloon at the fair was a fake or suthen'? We couldn't even git the smoke t' go inside

the piller-slip, let alone makin' it shoot up in the air like you said that'n did at the fair. An' thar was so much smoke you couldn't see yourself, an' we was as black as Ma's stove."

Then turning to his mother he continued, "But I'm sure sorry 'bout the piller-slip, Ma, 'deed I am. D'you think it'll never wash out?"

"I don't no, Fate. I'm sorry, too, 'bout the piller-slip, but I'm glad you didn't lie about what 'cha'd done fer fear of gitten' a whippen'. It's always best to tell the truth."

Then when everybody understood just what had happened the day when the father and mother had taken Pinkney, the girls, John, and little David over to Uncle El's to spend the day, while Fate, Kelly, and Jinks had been left at home, they had a great laugh. And they told Fate that the next time before he tried to send a balloon up in the air he must learn more about them. But Fate thought he would not care to try sending any more pillow-slip balloons. He

felt good, though, because he had told the truth.



“What Will Jesus Think?”

IN a beautiful home, on a fashionable street in London, England, lived a little girl by the name of Ada Bartlett. Ada was an only child, which means that there were no brothers or sisters in her family and she had no playmates except those who now and then came to visit her. Because of this, her parents tried in every way that they could think of to make her happy. They wanted their little daughter to be the sweetest and the most contented child that they knew.

But although Ada's parents were able to buy her beautiful clothes and many costly toys to play with, they did not know how to make their child truly happy. For they were not Christians and knew nothing about the happiness that is enjoyed by those who love the Lord.

When Ada was about five years old, it happened that she went to visit in the home of a friend who not only knew about the

Lord Jesus but was a good Christian woman. And it was while she was there that Ada, for the first time in her life, heard the old, old stories about the angels, the shepherds, and the wise men's visit to the stable in Bethlehem. There she heard about the tiny baby boy who came to live upon the earth long enough to tell the people many things about God and their beautiful home in heaven that is being prepared for all who love him.

Oh, it was so wonderful! Ada could scarcely wait until she could return to her home and tell her mama all that she had heard about the Savior of the world. She did not know that her mama had already heard the stories that had so thrilled her own heart. And she could not understand that it was because her mama was a very proud woman that she was not a Christian.

When Ada saw and told her mother all that she had heard about Jesus her mother was not pleased. But when she sang the sweet little songs that she had learned her



proud mama listened and was glad that her little girl was no longer the naughty, selfish child that she had been before she went away.

Ada was not told that she must not repeat the stories nor sing to others. So many happy hours were spent by the little girl among her friends telling and singing about the things that she so much enjoyed.

When Ada's mama went to and from the stores to do her shopping she rode in a carriage that was drawn by handsome horses. Sometimes Ada went with her but at such times she was usually left in the care of the driver and the footman who always accompanied her on such occasions. One day while her mama was in one of the largest and most fashionable stores in London, Ada said to the footman, "John, I want to speak to you."

"Yes, Miss," John answered, "what is it?"

"I want to sing!" said the little girl.

John, knowing that he must be very courteous to his little mistress as well as to her

mother, replied, "Yes, Miss, and what do you want to sing?"

"I want to sing, 'Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so.' "

"Very well," John answered. But in a moment he added, "What will all these people think, and what will your mama say if you sing?"

"O John," Ada exclaimed, "I was not thinking what Mama and the people would think if I sing. I was thinking what Jesus would think if I did not sing."

The footman said no more. And as the sweet song went forth upon the still air, the people gathered one by one to listen to the words that the little child was singing. When the mother returned from the store her proud heart was softened. And do you not think that Jesus and the angels were glad that Ada sang?



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